A CANTO TO A CANTER: OR, The Pulpits Complaint.

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Room for *a Canter* in *Religions guise*,
With *Cambrick-band*, *long Cloak*, and *cockt-up Eyes*.
Who can with *piteous Tears* and *Cries beguile*,
Surer than does th'*Egyptian-Crocodile*,
Yet at's *gull'd Audience*, *in his sleeve does smile*.
Whose *Prayers*, in such *rude lowdness* still are said,
As if the *God* was *deaf*, to which he *pray'd*.
Unto whose *Iron-lungs* and *throat of brass*,
But a *small-reed*, loud *Stentor's wind-pipe was*.
Who like the *Ocean* when the winds do blow,
Does from *soft murmurs*, into *roaring* grow,
And nothing forth but *mire* and *dirt* does *throw*.
You'd think the *Sea* had taught him how *to pray*,
He *roars* and *beats* his *Desk*, the self-same way,
With *brinish foam*, *washing* his *Cushion* o're,
Then *falling back* for *zeal* he can't do more.
As if the *Pulpit* were of *Walnut-tree*,
He *beats it*, that more *fruitful* it may be.
Whilst his *Religious thrashing* in his *Cloak*
Doth like th'*Egyptian Copties Service* look,
Who never in their *Churches sit* or *kneel*,
But in the *painfull'st postures worship* still.
But now the *Glass* is *turn'd*, and *Hems* make way,
And bid the *Brother-hood* prepare to Pray.
And now with *face* so *sowr* he does appear,
As if hee'd been *Baptiz'd* in *Vinegar*;

Or as his Looks should some *resemblance* hold
With the *Jews bitter Sacrifice* of old.
Into such *Mimick-postures* he does *screw*
His face, enough to make his *Audience spue.*
Now does the *tedious Exercise* commence,
Where *canting Phrase* proclaims his *Eloquence*,
And *rudely Elbows out* poor *modest Sence.*
For the first *long half hour*, like Herald he,
How great he is, acquaints the *Deitie.*
Then with their *Sins* they are *severely dous'd*,
And in *Repentance pickle* sharply sous'd.
The *Glass* still run, but it did run so *slow*,
Thought I, *Time flies* not *here*, it *scarce* doth *go.*
With *Head declin'd*, I did for *sleep compose*,
Having of's *Opium* took too large *a Dose.*
Could they not better *Watch* than *Peter* keep,
The t'other *Glass* had *laid* them all *to sleep.*
By his *long-Prayer* I did conclude, that he
Was of that *Sect* the *Jews* call'd *Pharisee*,
Both old Acquaintance of *Hypocrisie.*
Six Staves of *Hopkins beat* me up at length,
But prais'd be *Morpheus*, I had gain'd *new strength*
To hear the *Sermon*, which I don't retain,
The *Sower sow'd* such lamentable *grain*,
Yet of their *barrenness* did still complain.
Strong was his *Desk*, else it had surely been
Crusht to the *ground*, by his grand *load* of Sin.
Who to be *Learned* thought, *fathers* a Lye
On *Austin*, *Bernard*, and St. *Hillary.*
And when he *aims* at *Sence*, doth always vent
More *foolish Bulls*, than e're the *Popedome* sent
Into the *World* ; nor ever *Sermon* makes,
But strait turns *Vagrant*, and the *Text forsakes.*
Something of *Alms* and *Bounty* he did *Preach*,
Things by *Example* which he ne're will teach ;
Those *fruits* hee'd have, only i'th' *Peoples reach.*
The only *lesson* which I bore from thence,
Was, that *A Mad Dog's Medicine's Patience.*

FINIS.